

JOHN



**Clara Barton &
The Civil War –
Part II**

"Pesos & Patriots"

**Black Ice
by Lew**

**Erie High School
rave on!**

Fresh Flowers

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Welcome to JOHN



Relax, spring will soon be here!
A big shout out to Nancy Holley who will be celebrating her birthday on April 21st which happens to be Easter Sunday this year. The last time this happened was in 1957 and Nancy had just finished high school. Of course we won't ask her how old she will be then. Enjoy this issue, it is a packed edition.

Clarissa "Clara" Harlowe Barton's story continues. Part II gives some highlights of when Clara first experienced caring for wounded soldiers right on the battlefield. Here her service at Antietam and Fredericksburg are highlighted.

The New Mexico Charles Dibrell Chapter of the DAR continues to amaze me by their energy in supporting their patriots. "Pesos and Patriots" exhibit at the Albuquerque Museum running until May 19th is the latest example of their hard work.

Once again, my old buddy, Lew Holloway spins one of his many yarns about his most impressive live adventures. This time he tells a story of how a somewhat boring activity turned into a wild ride.

The Erie High School reunion was held on September 15th, 2018. Gosh it took me a long time to finally put something together out of over 300 photos taken during the two day event. Might mention that the weather was pretty hot, but that didn't stop us old folks from sharing so many memories as classmates at Erie High School in the 40s, 50, 60s and some later years too. JAH

Clara Goes to War



As huge troop buildups occurred in Washington, Clara found that critical shortages of supplies and medical stores gave her a real opportunity to do something for the cause. If she could not be a soldier, she could at least do her part to help the soldiers. She became a one-woman relief agency, cooking food and buying stores out of her own salary and distributing them to the military hospitals and the hilltop encampments. Clara still felt she wasn't doing enough. When she heard that "the boys" were suffering, she wanted to go directly to battlefields and nurse the wounded. Getting the supplies to the soldiers was easier said than done. Clara wanted to deliver the supplies herself, but was apprehensive how the soldiers would treat her. After all, there were names for the women that hung around camp ... and not nice names. After much soul searching, and even more permission searching, Clara had gathered both the permission and resolve to deliver supplies to the troops at the field hospitals set up outside the Battle of Cedar Mountain. She arrived at the camp and immediately got to work. She worked for days on end, without rest, then collapsed with exhaustion when she returned home. Throughout the war, Clara continued this pattern: collect supplies, visit field hospitals (and later on the battlefields themselves) and work fervently, then collapse, exhausted, ill, and at times depressed.



*The battle at Cedar Mountain,
by Currier and Ives*

Following the battle of Cedar Mountain in northern Virginia, she appeared at a field hospital at midnight with a wagonload of supplies drawn by a four-mule team. The surgeon on duty later wrote: "I thought that night if heaven ever sent out a[n]... angel, she must be one - her assistance was so timely." Thereafter she was known as the "Angel of the Battlefield."

Throughout the war, Barton and her supply wagons traveled with the Union army, giving aid to Union casualties and Confederate prisoners - at the Second Battle of Bull Run, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry and South Mountain. Transportation was provided by the army quartermaster but most of the supplies were purchased with donations solicited by Barton or by her own funds.

At Antietam

Barton was never satisfied with remaining with medical units at the rear of the column - hours or even days away from a fight. At the bloody Battle of Antietam (September 1862), she ordered the drivers of her supply wagons to follow the cannon and traveled all night. By the time of her arrival at about noon on September 17, surgeons had run out of bandages, and were trying to wrap soldiers' wounds with corn husks.

Barton brought up her three army wagons loaded with bandages and other medical supplies. and organized able-bodied men to perform first aid, carry water and prepare food for the wounded. While the battle raged, she and her helpers brought relief and hope to soldiers on the field. In the face of danger. As bullets whizzed overhead and artillery boomed in the distance, Barton cradled the heads of suffering soldiers. When darkness fell, she set up lanterns, also from her supply wagons, which enabled the army's medical personnel to work through the night.

"It was a miserable night, There was a sense of impending doom. We knew, everyone knew, that two great armies of 80,000 men were lying there face to face, only waiting for dawn to begin the battle."

Clara Barton writing about the night before the battle of Antietam.

The Battle of Antietam, also known as the Battle of Sharpsburg, particularly in the Southern United States, was a battle fought on September 17, 1862, between Confederate General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and Union General George B. McClellan's Army of the Potomac. It was the bloodiest day in United States history, with a combined tally of 22,717 dead, wounded, or missing.

At Fredericksburg

In December 1862, Clara Barton cared for the wounded from the Battle of Fredericksburg at the Lacy House (also known as Chatham). She again brought supplies and was assigned a room in the house where on December 11 she watched the bombardment of the town from the second floor. As wounded men were brought into the house, she comforted soldiers from both sides. She recorded some of her experiences there in her diary. She spent most of the following day at the Lacy House which had become a hospital for the Union II Corps. Since the doctors were too busy to keep medical records during battle, she wrote in her diary the names of the men who died at Chatham and where they were buried. The heaviest fighting of the battle occurred on December 13, and she spent most of that day in Fredericksburg, surrounded by thousands of wounded Union soldiers. Returning to Chatham, she spent the next two weeks there, where the wounded occupied every room of the house and "covered every foot of the floors and porticos." She wrote that they lay on the shelves of a cupboard, the stair landings and a man "thought himself rich" if he laid under a table where he would not be stepped on.

Still the 12,000 square-foot building did not contain enough space to hold all the wounded of the II Corps. Many were placed on blankets in the muddy yard, where Barton set up a soup kitchen in a tent to help these wounded soldiers, as they shivered in the cold December air, waiting for someone inside to die and make room for them.

The Battle of Fredericksburg, fought December 13, 1862, was a major Confederate victory and one of the most lopsided defeats of the Civil War for Union forces. The battle had over 18,000 casualties.

I don't know how long it has been since my ear has been free from the roll of a drum. It is the music I sleep by and I love it.
Clara Barton, December, 1862.

In PART III, look for some direct references about Clara's service in providing care and comfort to so many wounded soldiers during her time in the battles as she, herself, recorded them. Some are quite chilling and speak to the untold bravery of so many common men, who give what they could to the cause.

Pesos and Patriots



New Mexico's role in the American War of Independence

By order of the King of Spain, between 1780 and 1783 presidial soldiers, alcaldes mayores (chief judicial, executive, and legislative administrators of provincial districts), and other Spanish citizens living in Nueva España (New Spain) donated pesos to help fund the American Revolutionary War.

Funds collected from the Province of New Mexico were taken to Mexico City and then sent to Spain to purchase items necessary to help the Americans win the war. Little did these colonial New Mexicans know that by 1848 their donations would come full circle when their descendants became citizens of the United States.

Before Spain officially entered the war, the country furnished arms and equipment to the American colonists through the French, Spain's ally. By 1777, Spain had sent 215 bronze cannons, 4,000 field tents, 12,826 grenades, 30,000 muskets, 20,000 bayonets, 20,000 uniforms, 51,314 musket balls, and 300,000 pounds of gunpowder from a French port by way of Bermuda to Boston. Spain shipped arms, ammunition, uniforms, medicine, blankets, and

money up the Mississippi River and drove Texas longhorn cattle to American patriot forces in the north.

When Spain officially declared war on the British in 1779, the Albuquerque region was near the northern boundary of Nueva España, which extended from Central to north of Texas. The presidio (fort) at Santa Fe was the northern-most military outpost and held up to 100 salaried soldiers at a time.

Although these presidial soldiers never saw active combat, because of the monetary aid they rendered for the American War of Independence, their descendants are eligible for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) or Sons of the American Revolution (SAR).



Mapa de la Frontera Septentrional de la Nueva España
 Este mapa representa la frontera septentrional de la Nueva España, mostrando la extensión de la provincia desde el centro de Texas hasta el norte de la Florida. Se detallan los presidios, las ciudades principales y las rutas comerciales de la época. El mapa fue elaborado por el cartógrafo español Juan de la Cruz Torres en el siglo XVIII.





Charles Dibrell Chapter
Albuquerque, NM
Regent, Nancy Bennett



Pesos and Patriots: New Mexico's Role in the American War of Independence

January 26 to May 19, 2019

New Mexico has long been absent from those history books, although soldiers from Santa Fe's Presidio helped fund the American Revolution. "Pesos and Patriots," a new community exhibit at the Albuquerque Museum, aims to correct that omission.

As loyal citizens to the crown of Spain, residents of New Mexico donated to the American cause in the fight for freedom from the British. Spain provided supplies, arms, and other aid needed to fight the British, which played a key role in battles like the one fought at Pensacola.

Arms, armor, artifacts, photos, maps, and histories of the men and women who responded to an edict from the King of Spain tell a story that has only recently begun to come to light. The exploits of Albuquerque soldiers who enlisted in the Light Soldier Dragoon stationed at the Presidio of Santa Fe are relived with the display of guns, coins, and the an enlistment record of 22 year-old Jose Francisco Martinez into the Light Soldier Dragoon on July 1, 1779. The document describes his appearance, including the scars on his nose and right cheek. Martinez mentions that he is unmarried and can read and write.

In New Mexico, Presidio soldiers, mayors and citizens donated pesos to help fund the American cause. The Presidio was a combined fort and mission on what is now Santa Fe's Plaza. In 1780, New Mexicans donated 3,677 pesos in what was known as a donativo, according to community curator, Henrietta Martinez Christmas, who along with Regent, Nancy Bennett collected artifacts and assisted the Museum staff to create this memorable exhibit.



Pesos and Patriots



Nancy & Henrietta spent many hours on the "Pesos and Patriots project. The exhibit runs through May 19th at Albuquerque Museum, 2000 Mountain NW, Albuquerque, NM. Plan on a visit, it will not disappoint. Nancy Bennett notes that "The Charles Dibrell Chapter of DAR has more members of Spanish ancestry than any other chapter in the country."

BLACK ICE

COLORADO RIVER BRIDGE

From the chronicles of Lew Holloway

I had driven the route (US6 now I 70) for several years. I believe I knew every rut, bump, obstacles and dangerous areas from Denver to Aspen. This route was traitorous and dangerous throughout the winter months, especially over Loveland Pass and Vail Pass. At that time the Eisenhower Tunnel had not been bored through the mountain at the Continental Divide, both passes were single lane, winding with hair pin curved hi-ways. The winding mountain passes did not have guard railing and were prevalent to avalanches and snow slides. Automobile accidents were very common in the snowy season with skiers that were not experienced with adverse weather driving. Trucks that slid off the road usually went hundreds of feet down the side of the mountain slope, often killing or maiming drivers.



After the long winter of bad conditions, the hi-ways were much improved as spring approached. Driving became more relaxing and comfortable to navigate these roads. Spring was always a welcome time of the year for those of us that drove trucks throughout the Rockies, especially the ski areas. The winter travel time to Aspen from Denver was six to seven hours. Frequently, due to the adverse weather the trip could take over fourteen hours of annoying, snow blinding driving. When the roads were clear and dry in the summer travel time was around four to five hours. Throughout the winter the ski areas required large volumes of groceries to supply restaurants. Due to the volume, I drove a tractor and trailer throughout the ski season. But, as soon as the snow melted the skiers went away and food consumption was reduced considerably. The lessor demand meant, I would drive a much smaller truck. With the smaller truck it was very easy to crank up the truck to speeds as high as 75-80 mph. After all, it was night, no snow and especially knowing the State Patrol patrolman would not be on the job until after 5:30am. (The area state patrolman was an acquaintance having coffee with him frequently in a truck stop at Eagle. I knew his patrol area and his schedule.)

Here's where I got myself into trouble with my overconfidence. Being spring and enjoying the freedom from bad weather, I was moving down the highway at a high speed. I had just crossed over Vail Pass and down the valley through Eagle. I was on flat open hi-way heading west. As I remember, it was about 4:00 am and a beautiful clear, moonlight morning. I don't know my speed, but most likely well over 70 mph, enjoying the travel was westward. The only traffic was a truck now and then. Up ahead was the old hi-way bridge that crossed over the Colorado River. The bridge was built in the 1930's and designed for two-way traffic. A steel structure bridge designed with overhead support, common for bridges of the time it was constructed. As I approached the bridge I noticed a truck approaching, traveling east.

I had always been concerned about two trucks passing one another on this narrow bridge. As the other truck approached his head lights glare off the road surface of the bridge as he approached to cross.

I knew I was in trouble before anything happened. The glare was an ice reflection on the road surface known as "black ice" and I was going too fast to use my brakes. The ice had formed



overnight because of the warm spring days and freezing nights, making frost/dew ice on the bridge. (Bridge ice is common due to the cold night air circulating under the bridge between the underside of the structure and water below.)

The other truck had passed, I was immediately approaching the bridge. Needless to say, with my years of driving experience, I knew there was nothing I could do at my speed to slow down before being on the black ice.

As soon as I was on the icy bridge my truck was out of control. There was absolutely nothing I could do but sit helplessly as my truck spun around two and half complete rotations in the center of the overhead structure. When the truck finally stopped, I was facing east, the opposite direction I had been traveling. I slowly pulled forward off the bridge and roadway and got out of the truck to check for damage. I was very nervous, shaking and feeling weak. With flashlight, I walked around the truck and could not find a scratch anywhere on the vehicle.

During the day, I emptied the truck due to the light load, returning to Denver later in the afternoon. My curiosity was killing me about not having hit either side of the bridge. On my next trip I took along a long tape measure to get some measurements of the bridge width, it was 30' from side to side. My truck had spun around with less than 5', between railings, and never touched either side. I learned an experience that never has left my mind. In cold winter climates, **BLACK ICE** is always a concern, especially after a warm day in spring and fall and can kill.

(Facts: Bridge is two lane each 15' or a total of 30' wide from bridge side to side. The truck is 25' long, bumper to bumper.)



FRESH FLOWERS



As long as you keep a person down, some part of you has to be down there to hold him down, so it means you cannot soar as you otherwise might.

Marian Anderson